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# CURIOUS LETTER,

FROM

A

MOUNTBANK DOCTOR,

TO A

METHODIST PREACHER.

To which is added

THE MERRY SAILOR.

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Printed for the Book-sellers. 1797.

DEAR BROTHER.



IT gives me great pleasure to find you are so successful in your labours for the Public good.

The vast multitudes that attend your meetings, afford me sufficient proof of your great abilities.

Now, as we both depend upon the Public for our subsistence, give me leave to propose a coalition between us, which, I doubt not will prove of great advantage to us both.

I have lately read your incomparable journals, which contain a Narrative of your perils, both by Land and Water, which gave me a great satisfaction to hear.

But your preaching in the fields, and your notable methods of collecting charity from the mob, have

more than all won my heart.

This immediately convinced me you were one of our *Itinerant* Society. I felt an irresistible sympathy attracting my affection towards you, and could not rest till I had made you an offer of my best services.

Besides, I find the exact similitude, both in our callings, and in our measures, to render them profitable. If you undertake to Cleanse and Purify the soul, I do the same by the Body.

If you are an enemy to the regulations of your profession, I am as much to those of mine.

Are the mobs your customers? so they are mine.

Are you the scorn and jest of men of sense? so am I. In a word, if you turn the brain of your Patients, it may be affirmed with equal truth that I often destroy the constitutions of mine.

From this resemblance of character and practise, which you cannot but confess to be just, it appears that the alliance proposed, will be attended with considerable advantages, and therefore ought to be comply'd with by both parties.——

But perhaps through shame, or pretended modesty, you may insinuate, that such an alliance may endanger your saintly reputation.

By way of an answer, give me leave to say, that I have scruples on this head as well as you; such perhaps, as are better grounded than yours. No one I thank God can accuse me of devouring Widows houses, leading captive silly women laden with sin, confounding the order of the Church, destroying the peace of private families, recommending charity, and at the same time, guilty of extortions, expelling the spirit of industry, and introducing in its room a spirit of enthusiasm.——

I say of these, and a thousand other like practises, which are reported of you; no one can justly accuse me, or any of our Order —

Hence you see, that your reputation is likely to receive no injury from this proposed alliance. Indeed sir, I think I had no occasion for this apology, as I believe my character is as fair as yours. I practise physic, and you preach the word; let us then fairly divide the credulous mob between us: the fleece is large enough for us both; each shall regularly have his hours of performing.

When you begin, I will instantly resign; my assistant, Merryman, will serve us in a double capacity; when he has displayed his humour to divert the mob, he may afterwards assist you in setting a hymn of your own composing; I can assure you he has an admirable talent this way, can twang it through his nose very harmoniously, and put on as sanctified

a face as any of your profession.

Let me add by way of hint, as to private practice; that when I find my patients departing, I will turn them over to your care.

Converts are easily made in a dying hour, and a will may be drawn in your favour as methodically as you please; on the other hand, as one good turn deserves another, when you find the zeal of your patients begin to degenerate into real madness, send them to me to be purged, blistered, and dieted; by these means we shall *reciprocally* assist each other, & reap a plentiful harvest.

If you approve my proposals, I intend waiting on you in a few days to put our plan in execution.

*From your affectionate brother,*

*Hurdethrumba.*





## THE MERRY SAILOR.

*HOW* pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams o'er the watery main,  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But cheerfully spends all his gain:  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honour and honesty true,  
 And would not commit a base action,  
 For power and profit in view.

## —CHORUS.—

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys?  
 A light heart & a thin pair of breeches,  
 Goes through the world brave boys.*

*The world is a plentiful garden,  
 Enriched with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 But plenty too often breeds strife:  
 When terrible tempests assail us,*

And mountainous billows affright,  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.  
 Then why should we &c.

The courtier's more subject to danger,  
 Who rules at the helm of state,  
 Than we, who to politics strangers  
 Escape the snares laid for the great:  
 The various blessings of nature,  
 In various stations we try,  
 No mortals on earth can be greater,  
 Who merrily live till we die.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys,  
 A light heart & a thin pair of breeches,  
 Goes through the world brave boys.

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